

"A nuisance, nothing more than an irritating insect that needed to be squashed," was the opinion held by a few of his adult 'associates'. If it wasn't for the fact he was rather useful at times, they wouldn't have had any dealings with him at all. However, he was useful! He was the one that would scurry off with the stolen goods to sell for cash; the one that often put his neck on the line to impart the possessions to the next dodgy dealer; the one that was unnaturally good about seeming a recluse to the outside world despite remaining an extrovert fellow in front of his 'friends'. Would they have chosen to spend their time with this crook if they weren't desperate? No!

Sinewy, wispy auburn hair was glued to his misshaped egg head like a poorly manufactured wig. Through the wisps, you could see increasingly wrinkled skin, often covered in sweat beads (due to the risky nature of his 'trade'). Dirt and grime gathered in the wrinkled lines and occasionally joined the path of the river of sweat that cascaded down his cheeks: some of it caught by his large, bushy eyebrows that mirrored the colour of his hair. His eyes were dark and full of secrets. A long, witch-like, nose protruded from his face and was followed by extensive strands of wiry hair -entwined together- that tried to stray from his pointy chin. The once emerald green coat (now battered and worn) hung off his skeletal frame. Stolen scarves-once owned by wealthy, respectable men- danced around his legs whilst crying for forgiveness whenever he moved. Onyx winkle pickers grasped tightly to his aged feet scared that they may disintegrate any minute in the sludge filled streets that lead up to his lodgings.

A dilapidated old warehouse surrounded by a grime ridden alleyway was home to Fagin and his 'recruits'. It was a sanctuary, full of secrets and unlawful meetings that kept him and the boys hidden from the eye of the law. The walls screamed the opportunity to tell of the terrible dealings they had seen and heard.

Despite manipulating a group of ten to eleven year old boys to believe that they were doing a good thing pick pocketing and committing crimes, he looked after them, cared for them and made sure that no harm came to them- especially Oliver. He knew that Oliver did not belong in that world because he could see goodness in him. From their first meeting and the way Oliver spoke to Fagin, he knew he was caught up in the wrong world but something inside of him (or the wrath of Bill Sykes) stopped him from setting him free.